THE
# NATION

OCTOBER 13, 1962 . . 25c

*MISSISSIPPI*

## Deluded and Still Defiant

*Hodding Carter, III*

## 'Who Is Their God?'

*Martin Luther King, Jr.*

## WE HAVE NO FALLOUT POLICY

*Ralph Caplan*

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# LETTERS

## States' Wrongs

*Dear Sirs:* Gov. Barnett, of Mississippi, seems to be deeply impressed with the Tenth Amendment, concerning States' rights. His position is valiantly supported by Mississippi's Senator Eastland, Chairman of the powerful Senate Judiciary Committee and the Internal Security Subcommittee, who doesn't mind trampling on the First Amendment, the Fifth and so many of the others.

These men should be reminded of the States'-wrongs Amendment, the Fifteenth. This holds that States' rights do not include the privilege of trampling on human rights. It protects against the states' restricting those human rights, freedom of speech, press, etc., which have been safeguarded by the Bill of Rights and succeeding amendments to the Constitution. AARON KATZ

*Brooklyn, N.Y.*

## Cuba: Pro and Con

*Dear Sirs:* The same mail brought me *The Nation* containing Samuel Shapiro's "Cuba Today" [Sept. 22] and the August 31 issue of *The Spectator* containing "Cuba: the Castro Dream" by Alfred Sherman. Odious or otherwise, here are a few comparisons:

*1. Shapiro:* "1961 was the 'Year of Alphabetization' in Cuba . . . during which more than 100,000 volunteers, most of them teen-agers, fanned out over the island and reduced illiteracy from about 25 per cent to less than 4 per cent."

*Sherman:* "But the highly publicized campaign to eradicate illiteracy has been a complete failure. Whenever I tried out villagers who had been *alfabetizado,* it turned out they had learned the alphabet and nothing more, not one could actually read."

*2. Shapiro:* "Much of this year's sugar harvest was cut by volunteers. . . ."

*Sherman:* "The volunteers looked impressive enough at the speechmaking and on photographs, but they were not much use in the actual work."

*3. Shapiro:* So many farm laborers have joined cooperatives, or found permanent work on state farms, that there is a shortage of harvest hands in Cuba."

*Sherman:* "They [the Cuban peasants or *guajiros*] have answered like peasants in other Communist countries by cutting down production and deliveries to a minimum, and the Government has found itself unable to force them to grow more. . . . A striking result of rural discontent is the serious shortage of labor, although many people sit around idle."

*4. Shapiro:* "Many *guajiros* are eating better than under previous governments because they have regular work, and what food is available is shared equally."

*Sherman:* "The *guajiros* are still underemployed, and their standard of living has fallen to such an extent that many regard the Batista regime as the good old days. . . ."

*5. Shapiro:* "There is not, so far, the slightest sign of the kind of corruption at the top described by Milovan Djilas in *The New Class. . . .*"

*Sherman:* ". . . what they [the collective and state farms] do produce is generally earmarked for favored sectors of the population—the army, police and 'new class.'"

Well, it *is* confusing!

*New York City* PAUL M. GARDNER

*Dear Sirs:*

*1.* The alphabetization campaign, all things considered, was reasonably successful. The peasants *I* met, at the Australia Central, in the Zapata Swamp, and at the Havana meeting of the cane cooperatives, *could* read—and *were* reading. Of course, you can't teach reading with complete success in less than a year, using inexperienced instructors. . . .

*2.* Agreed. Cane-cutting does take a certain amount of skill, and a lot of brute strength, which not all the volunteers had. I pointed out that the harvest was a failure, with an "output exceeded as far back as 1925," and indicated that I didn't think this was "a very efficient way of doing things."

*3.* Mr. Sherman and I agree that the crops were bad, but we disagree as to the reasons. I think the peasants just didn't know how to produce more, and that they weren't given sufficient technical advice, fertilizer and machinery. I should also have mentioned the enormous waste of manpower occasioned by militia duty. I did mention the fact that peasants were illegally selling food to people from the cities, and (so far) getting away with it.

*4.* I have never met a *guajiro* who regarded "the Batista regime as the good old days." People went hungry in 1956 and 1957 and 1958, too, but the American newspapers never paid much attention to it. . . . The food shortages *are* serious, and I said so, but not yet bad enough to cause any nostalgia for "the good old days," except among middle-class people, perhaps.

*5.* I have simply never seen this. . . . It was for favoritism of this kind to his old Communist cronies that Anibal Escalante was booted out in March of this year. This kind of corruption will always be a danger where absolute power is concentrated in a few hands. Fidel *could* steal all the money in the Cuban treasury, and his close followers

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*NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1962*
*VOLUME 195, No. 11*

THE NATION

# EDITORIALS

## 'Who Is Their God?'

By Martin Luther King, Jr.

*Atlanta, Ga.*

The Mississippi crisis has seared the conscience of our entire nation. It has been difficult to believe what we have read in the newspapers and more difficult to believe what our television sets have hurled at our eyes. Is this America? Is this really happening in 1962 when you consider that the entry of one James Meredith into Ole Miss is the implementation of a Supreme Court decision that antedates by nearly a decade the *Brown v. Board of Education* case resulting in the 1954 decree outlawing segregation in the public schools? It leaves one a little dazed and numb.

Consider the stark tragedy of Mississippi: Governor Barnett, with interposition dripping from his lips, personally goading the racist element of the state and the university into a frenzy of hatred and prejudice; the state legislature rapidly enacting special laws in a vain attempt to disqualify Meredith for committing perjury on his voting record; the acquiescence of the university Board of Trustees to political demagoguery, violating their sacred trust to preserve academic freedom; the caricature-like move of the Governor appointing himself registrar to block the Air Force veteran's enrollment; the use of state police power to thwart the enforcement of federal law, almost tempting civil war; the loss of two lives, the scores injured and the yet uncalculated pain and agony the people of Mississippi and this nation must bear. It is indeed stark tragedy, for it has all really happened here in the United States in 1962.

What has happened in Mississippi surely did not have to happen, for there were other hard-core, arch-segregationist states that faced the inevitable course of justice. Georgia is an example. Has it not been one of the bastions of segregation? The imminent integration of the public schools in Atlanta last year was heralded by some journalists as the "second battle of Atlanta"; no such debacle materalized. Certainly there are nearly as many segregationists in Georgia as there are in Mississippi, maybe more, but there was no near-rebellion such as we have seen in recent days at Oxford. Why? Because of the failure of the academic, political and religious leadership of the State of Mississippi.

IT IS A sad fact that the sound and fury vented its spleen at Oxford—site of the University of Mississippi. The young people who attend classes in the Lyceum and who walk the shaded paths of Ole Miss are the aristocracy of Mississippi. The Board of Trustees are hardly backwoods cotton farmers. In the aura of that which could be adjudged the highest and best of Mississippi, law and order broke down completely. If this is the best of Mississippi, God save us from the worst. There can be no gainsaying that the academic and educational leadership of Mississippi failed her when she needed it most.

Another reason why the state did not weather the rigors of the most severe social transition that the South has seen since the Civil War was that she suffered the complete abdication of responsibility by her political leadership. In contradistinction to Georgia, Mississippi, with Governor Barnett as the standard bearer, began a tragic march down a dead-end street despite forewarning that ultimately, no matter what, the federal fiat had to be obeyed—States' rights, interposition and nullification notwithstanding. The Governor was aided and abetted in his chicanery by the Legislature of Mississippi and the power structure of the state. Not a single cry of caution or moderation resounded from the walls of any governing body, from the state Capitol to the smallest county seat. The verse and chorus that echoed around the state was always the same: *Never!*

How different might the picture be in Mississippi today if only the political leadership of the state had had the courage to face the problem instead of throwing up their hands and delivering harangues against federal intervention. They whom the people had elected to be

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the guardians of the commonwealth abdicated their responsibility in Mississippi's most critical hour since secession, and allowed the campus of Ole Miss to become a battlefield for a cause that was lost a hundred years ago.

And where was the cry of the Lord's prophets? The most serious indictment is not to be made against a screaming mob propelled by bottled-up venom and hatred that was having its ultimate, tragic catharsis. Surely the abysmal silence of the church and the clergy cannot pass without its due reckoning. The New Testament admonishes us that the people cannot hear if the trumpet makes an uncertain sound. What is their hope if the trumpet makes no sound at all? I have traveled much of the length and breadth of Mississippi. On lazy summer afternoons and cold mornings, I've seen tall church spires and sprawling brick monuments dedicated to the glory of God. Often did I wonder, "What kind of people worship there? Who is their God?" When I review the painful memory of the last week at Oxford and cannot recall a single voice "crying in the wilderness," the questions are still the same: "What kind of people worship there? Who is their God?"

MORE than anything else, it is regrettable that United States marshals, a federalized National Guard and troops of the United States Army were the only means by which the admission of James Meredith could be secured. As a devotee of the nonviolent discipline, I am also a pacifist. Though I regret the use of force in the Mississippi situation, nevertheless, in my humble judgment, it was necessary and justifiable. Whereas I abhor the use of arms and the thought of war, I do believe in the intelligent use of police power. Though a pacifist, I am not an anarchist. Mississippi's breakdown of law and order demanded the utilization of a police action to quell the disorder and enforce the law of the land. Armed force that intelligently exercises police power, making civil arrests in which full due process is observed, is not functioning as an army in military engagement, so I feel the presence of troops in Oxford, Mississippi, is a police force seeking to preserve law and order rather than an army engaging in destructive warfare.

It must be acknowledged that the entire nation must bear some of the blame for the Mississippi tragedy. We can never deny that compromises made following the Civil War and during Reconstruction have at last come home to roost. The whole system of segregation and discrimination for the last hundred years has had either the consent of law and/or custom, both North and South. Thus, race and, more especially, color prejudice has been woven into the fabric of American life by our own hands. To be sure, its greatest intensity has been felt in the South, where the scars of the slave system remained more visible and law and custom became one, buttressed by the inherent sectionalism of the Confederacy. America, to her dishonor, learned to live with the system in its glaring and blatant forms in the South and its cunning and subtle forms in the North. Only now, in the last few years, has our Republic really begun to come to grips with race and color prejudice. So the nation is not without blame.

This sordid American tragedy has demonstrated once again the need for vigorous and firm exercise of the powers of the Presidency in seeking to engender a climate of understanding and respect for the civil and constitutional rights of Negroes. The executive heads of our nation must not wait for some great crisis to emerge before asserting forthright action, but must make it palpably clear on a day-to-day basis that their power, their moral leadership and authority, are committed to the task of removing the ugly weight of racial discrimination from the shoulders of the nation. It may well be that the many seeds sown by long periods of Executive inaction in the advancement of civil rights in America have reached the ugly harvest of lawlessness and violence we now see in Mississippi.

What are we to say to the world? Oxford, Mississippi, has placed democracy on trial. As never before, the cry of the Negro for equality and justice in our nation has been muffled, at best. But the Little Rocks, the Montgomerys, the Albanys and the Oxfords place the questioning of our world leadership on the lips of the emerging African and Asian nations. We cannot stand before the judgment bar of world opinion so long as there erupts an Oxford, Mississippi. What we are doing speaks so loud they cannot hear what we say. [See also "Deluded and Still Defiant," by Hodding Carter, III, page 214.—Ed.]

## Not Altogether Unhappy Either

Asked to comment on the rioting which marked his admittance to the University of Mississippi, James H. Meredith said it was "no happy occasion." Just the same, some compensatory factors are beginning to emerge. Foremost is the demeanor of Meredith himself. Braving assassination, disregarding insults, he is demonstrating by personal example that white supremacy is a myth, that neither intelligence, nobility nor courage is the sole possession of any race.

In contrast, but also on the credit side, are the exposures which the events in Oxford are bringing about. As battle reveals the true character of the soldier, a civic crisis strips the camouflage from politicians and journalists. Governor Ross Barnett (he "who would not drink of the cup of genocide") squawked for law and order when the situation came to a boil and tried to escape his own responsibility for the bloodshed. Some of his racist predecessors — Tom Watson, for example — may have had some redeeming traits; if Barnett has any, he has managed to conceal them from



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all but his fellow members of the White Citizens Councils.

Senator James O. Eastland of Mississippi is far out on a cracking limb. His racist philippics have long been endured and as long as the citizens of Mississippi choose to elect him, presumably he himself must be endured as a member of the Senate, but his colleagues must now consider whether, in all conscience, he should be permitted to continue as chairman of the Judiciary Committee.

Former Army Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker has for some time been in a state of verbal insurrection against the Government of the United States. Communists have gone to the penitentiary for less but, properly enough, Walker has been given the utmost latitude. It may be that in Mississippi, and previously in Texas, he overstepped the line between free speech and acts of insurrection. If he is found sane, he will have his day in court. In the meantime, his right-wing demagoguery will not be missed.

The events in Oxford may signal the end of the States'-rights doctrine as a cover for criminal mistreatment of Americans whose skins happen to be darker than those of other Americans. For years it has been perfectly clear that the proponents of States' rights were not talking about rights at all. What they were talking about was the right of the unreconstructed states to perpetuate civic wrongs in defiance of the Constitution. As the first Justice John M. Harlan once said, the purpose of the Civil War amendments was to establish a condition of "universal civic freedom." A step in that direction has been taken.

Not least among the highlights in the Mississippi picture is the revulsion of the sober citizens of the state to the debacle into which Barnett and his type of politician led them. They have been cravenly silent too long, but the presence of federal troops has apparently heartened them. Quoting a Jackson executive, Neil A. Maxwell reports in *The Wall Street Journal*: "Everyone is shocked and sick over the rioting in Oxford." At least some Mississippi businessmen, Maxwell says, "believe incendiary statements by Governor Barnett made the violence inevitable." Two hundred of the most prominent citizens of Mississippi held a meeting in Jackson to which not one political official was invited. Segregationists at heart still, they have committed themselves to "work publicly for law and order and, in effect, for an end to defiance of the Federal courts. . . ." Apparently they have had a bellyful of Barnettism; it took the events at Oxford to show them what lawlessness in high places can lead to.

## Good Advice for TV

Under the title, "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," *The Harvard Crimson* (September 24) prints a first-rate editorial on an important aspect of the Senatorial campaign in Massachusetts. It points out that there are "three major candidates, among them H. Stuart Hughes, the first non-party candidate ever to collect the necessary 72,514 signatures to place his name on the ballot." George Cabot Lodge, it seems, is not averse to debating with Hughes, but both Ted Kennedy and the TV interests would rather brush off the interloper. *The Crimson* comments: "Ted Kennedy's reluctance to appear on the same platform with Stuart Hughes hardly affects the responsibility of the television industry to present the views of major candidates to the people of Massachusetts. Kennedy does not control the television industry in Massachusetts, and whether or not he chooses to appear . . . the views of his opponents deserve the fullest possible exposure to the Commonwealth."

The reasoning could hardly be more cogent. The basic trouble is that the TV industry's primary interest is in selling advertising. Whatever else it puts on the air is expected to serve one of two purposes or, ideally, both: it must make it seem that the industry is virtuously performing a public service, and hence is entitled to the precious channels which it occupies; or, by furnishing entertainment, the program will beguile the viewers and make the advertising effective. And, of course, a serious political discussion might drive the more light-minded to the usual fare of female glamour and masculine gun fights.

Hence the *Meet the Press* format, in which the principal is successively handcuffed by a number of journalists and is expected to put on a series of Houdini-escapes, with a minute or two allowed in each case. Even in the Nixon-John F. Kennedy debates, where the pace was slower, it was not so much what the candidates said as the way they looked that influenced the viewers. That was not the fault of the networks, but it probably confirmed them in the opinion that the more pap they put on the air, the happier the audience will be. But since Stuart Hughes happens to have something of the utmost importance to say, and he says it well, neither the preconception of the TV executives nor the wariness of Ted Kennedy should be permitted to keep him off the air.

## Juggernaut

In his farewell address of January 17, 1961, Dwight D. Eisenhower issued as timely and portentous a warning as any American President before him. "We must," he said, "guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by this military-industrial complex. This conjunction of an immense military establishment with a large arms industry is new in American experience. Its total influence — economic, political, even spiritual — is felt in every



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city, every statehouse, every office of federal government." The phrase, "military-industrial complex," caught on. The whole speech has the ring of authentic prophecy. It keeps cropping up in American journalism, and with good reason, for the problem which had General Eisenhower worried has grown worse, not better.

Jim G. Lucas of the Scripps-Howard newspapers went to Gettysburg to find out how General Eisenhower feels about the military-industrial complex after almost two years of retirement. The report, which appeared in the New York *World-Telegram and Sun* of October 2, is in indirect quotes, but with a reporter as experienced as Lucas we may be sure that it accurately reflects the General's present views. There is such a complex, he reiterates, and he believes it threatens "the very fabric of our lives." Without quite realizing it, "we are being recast in new molds, turning out a generation of Americans with totally different morals, ambitions and ways of doing things. This frightens him [Eisenhower]," writes Lucas.

The worst of it is that the members of the complex are not overtly evil or covertly dishonest; they are just taking advantage of the opportunities the arms race offers them. They consider themselves "patriotic" — the word is in quotation marks in Lucas' text — and they are completely self-righteous about it all, making the situation the more dangerous. Eisenhower, using part of the title of the special Oct. 28, 1961, issue of *The Nation* ("Juggernaut: the Warfare State") written by Fred Cook, describes the military-industrial complex as a "juggernaut, rolling on with no roadblocks ahead." He has no confidence that businessmen will exercise self-control in the national interest. Government has checks and balances, but business knows only profits and losses, and $50 billion a year is a bonanza. Eisenhower believes the arms budget is too high and that it can be reduced without impairing security.

The complex can become more powerful than the Presidency. Labor, a large segment of business, the scientific and engineering communities, the universities, the "think factories" are all generously subsidized. Eisenhower has no more confidence in politicians than in businessmen to turn the tide. What Congressman, he asks, will vote against more defense spending when his bread and butter are involved?

Neatly synchronized with this observation is a Pentagon report released last week. It predicts a continuing rise in spending in "every major category of military hard goods and more generous allowances to those areas which have been squealing for more favored treatment." "The political impact of the report," writes John G. Norris in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "made public as election campaigning waxed hot, could be considerable." President Kennedy borrowed from it in advance of publication to assure West Virginia voters that the total value of defense orders placed in their impoverished state has almost quadrupled since he took office. The juggernaut rolls on, and if the past President is concerned, the present incumbent seems to be quite pleased with its progress.

## Labor in the Warfare State

Belatedly, the American labor movement is beginning to share Eisenhower's view of the military-industrial complex. Guns and butter will lull labor as long as there is plenty of butter. But when matters reach a point where the most outrageous raids on the Treasury are put over in the name of defense and security, and labor gets a progressively decreasing share of the swag, some labor leaders and analysts will begin to speak up. In *Liberation* (July-August, 1962), Sumner N. Rosen warns that "a total commitment to struggle, based on an overwhelming military strength and involving every aspect of our national life . . . will result in the steady decline of freedom in this society. And with that decline ahead, the labor movement must decide whether to go along for the sake of eating off the gravy train, or to oppose at the risk of entering once more into the wilderness of opposition."

The same note was sounded by William H. Ryan of the International Machinists union. Testifying before a House subcommittee, Ryan said: "We have often wondered if at the very bottom of the vicious influence working against peace is the profit motive of private munitions and armament manufacturers."

Another exhibit is in the fall, 1962, issue of the *I.U.D. Digest*, the organ of the Industrial Union Department of the AFL-CIO. In an editorial article, the *Digest* points out that the cold war bolsters the economy but exacts its price. "It is affecting the quality of our society," the editors go on to say, "changing power relationships within it, creating new elites and altering economic thinking. Because of it, business and government have clashed on some levels. But on other levels, especially in direct defense procurement, the two have virtually merged." And for labor, and the great mass of Americans, the alliance bodes no good.

These are only faint whispers of protest in a loud, warlike cacophony, but until now not even whispers have been heard from organized labor. Those who have the interests of the American people at heart must speak louder.

## The Sound and the Fury

Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker stood on the steps of the old Sub-Treasury building on Wall Street while the headquarters band of the U.S. First Army played patriotic airs. Then, when a crowd gathered, he called for "defensive aggression" to deal with the Cuban "crisis." Gray-suited young bankers, secretaries teeter-



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ing on stiletto heels, the mink-stoled ladies of the program committee and the nondescript of Wall Street applauded. A bugler played taps, a clergyman from St. Paul's prayed, then all sang "God Bless America" and returned to their brokerage houses.

Well, it's only old Eddie Rickenbacker, one may say, and it was in World War I that he shot down those twenty-six German aircraft. The fact is, however, that the "Castro-must-go" sentiment in the United States is spreading and hitherto sensible men are joining the chorus. In his ABC-TV commentary, Howard K. Smith has been saying that "direct American action should be contemplated" toward Cuba. "For us," he solemnly assured his public, "this is like watching Hitler's march into the Rhineland. He could easily have been stopped then. But by not acting then his opponents made a bloody World War inevitable."

So speaks the one-time stalwart foe of fascism. He should reread his own books and articles. The parallel between Hitler and Castro is grotesque. Hitler was a counterrevolutionary; Castro is a revolutionary. Hitler was intent on Teutonizing Europe: he demanded and seized one piece of territory after another, each time assuring the Chamberlains and Daladiers that the latest grab was the last. Perhaps if the Russians had given him the Ukraine he would have been satiated, but this piece of swag he never obtained. Castro has not asked for Florida or Mississippi. He seems to want nothing but Cuba and, after all, he is a Cuban. Another difference which seems to elude Mr. Smith is that Hitler commanded the foremost military machine in the world, one that had been defeated in the First World War only when American manpower and industry were thrown onto the scales, and which frightened everyone but Winston Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt half to death. Castro has nothing but defensive equipment and is dependent on the Soviet Union for most of that. Defensively he is certainly in a strong position; offensively he is a long-winded orator on a Caribbean island with a population equal to that of New Jersey.

We should have found out by now that social revolutions thrive on persecution, and that the counterrevolutionary crusading spirit of American statesmanship does not strike a resonant note except in countries which are themselves overripe for revolution. Castro is not going to cut off his head and present it to us on a platter, and it will be a perilous enterprise to try to get it on our own. It would not be too late to deal with him sensibly, but there is little chance of that when the Eddie Rickenbackers and the Howard K. Smiths talk alike.

## Half a Cloak

A well-run secret service is supposed never to take credit for its successes or to admit its failures. The hand that holds the dagger must ever be cloaked; and though this may raise some anxiety in a democracy, where the citizen is supposed to know what is done in his name, one can see that, if the need for a secret service is admitted, the need for secrecy is obvious.

But the CIA, unlike its older European counterparts, really wants to be only half-secret. We are a boastful people, we like a good winner even more than a good loser, and it can't have been much fun for Allen Dulles to chomp silently on his pipe as, week after week, J. Edgar Hoover saved Miss Liberty from her would-be ravishers. Mr. Dulles wanted us to know that he hadn't been exactly idle in the St. George business; he too yearned for a fan club.

Therefore, journalists have often been surprised by the warm smile that greets them at CIA headquarters. Such a one was Sanche de Gramont, a newspaper man who, with the eager cooperation of the agency, wrote *The Secret War*, published last April by Putnam's. Everything went lovingly between the writer and the spies until the finished manuscript was shown to the CIA. The agency drew up a forty-two-point bill of objections, covering items that were "inaccurate," "not in the best interests of the country" or serving "an alien cause." The publishers duly corrected all factual errors and removed all statements that were said to offend against security. They then proceeded to have the book printed. They describe it as a work which, though objective, is not unfriendly to the CIA.

Despite this cooperation and the over-all tone, the CIA began an immediate harassment. For example, on the day before the book was published, the literary editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* was ordered by his superiors to kill reviews planned for the daily and Sunday papers. A news story was substituted, one that cited intelligence officers in Washington as saying that the book used "leftist or even Communist-inspired" sources. This disingenuous charge referred to the fact that Mr. Gramont quotes from a Soviet pamphlet on the CIA — and carefully identifies its source. The author has been smeared both here and abroad. The *Evening Standard* of London quotes as follows from Washington: "The Central Intelligence Agency does not approve of the publication of this book since such approval would be contrary to the national security and welfare of the United States." To the unwary ear, that sounds like talk of treason.

This is not an isolated case: *The U-2 Affair* by David Wise and Thomas B. Ross (Random House) and *C.I.A.: The Inside Story* by Andrew Tully (Morrow) provoked the same anguished cries and veiled attacks from an initially cooperative secret service.

In every other branch of life, private or public, an enterprise that courts publicity risks criticism. The CIA alone operates on the assumption that praise is due them and criticism un-American. No self-respecting journalist will work under such ground rules.



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***MISSISSIPPI:***

# DELUDED and STILL DEFIANT . . *by Hodding Carter, III*

*Greenville, Miss.*

THE TIME when virtually everyone went wrong in assessing the situation which developed in the effort to enroll the first Negro at the University of Mississippi was at the beginning, when it was assumed that this Deep Southern state and its Governor would be no different from Tennessee, Texas, Georgia, North Carolina, Louisiana and the other states which have grudgingly capitulated to limited desegregation since 1954.

The equation of Mississippi with these states was wildly erroneous, as was to be tragically demonstrated in the rioting and bloodshed at the university on the night of September 30. But it was a stubbornly held belief which took ten days of adamant defiance by Mississippi Governor Ross Barnett and the wild violence which followed the appearance of Air Force veteran James Meredith on the Ole Miss campus to dispel. In the interim, the federal government and the judiciary had been defied four times by the state's leaders.

WHEN IT finally became obvious that a total effort by the Executive branch would be necessary to make good the court orders, the job had become infinitely more difficult than it would have been earlier in the game. The extremists had been given over a week to bestir themselves and rally public opinion, and in many a white Mississippian's heart the historic cry of interposition and near-secession had struck a responsive chord. Segregationists who had been denied their chance for physical resistance in other Southern states had time to mobilize and flood into Mississippi, and the spokesmen for the far-far Right, such as former Gen. Edwin Walker, were enabled to mount their own white horses in time to lead the final charge.

The ten-day period between Ross Barnett's televised speech to the state in which he formally proclaimed his reliance upon interposition (the long-discredited doctrine that the state can interpose itself between its citizens and the federal government) and the bloody climax also gave the Governor and his followers time to drown out the feeble voices of dissent.

With each seeming success, with each rejection of James Meredith by the Governor or Lt. Gov. Paul Johnson, more Mississippians allowed themselves to be convinced that this time the line was going to be successfully drawn. To an extent which would be inconceivable to an outsider, Mississippians deluded themselves that their defiance was going to be the turning point in the battle for States' rights against the usurpations of the central government. By the time the President and Attorney General Robert Kennedy decided their patience was exhausted and there could be no more delay, the overwhelming majority of Mississippians were solidly behind the state's stand.

TO UNDERSTAND fully Mississippi's reaction, the onlooker would need to have lived here for the eight years since the 1954 Supreme Court desegregation ruling. Perhaps an even longer view would be necessary, beginning with Reconstruction and following the state's history through to the present. But the difference between Mississippi and the other Southern states over the past 100 years is to a great extent more a matter of degree than kind; the difference between Mississippi and many of its sister states of the old Confederacy in the past eight years is a matter of kind.

Here, as in no other Southern state, the extremists and the apostles of last-ditch defiance seized control almost from the moment of the Supreme Court decision and never relinquished it. It was here the Citizens Councils were born, only months after the 1954 ruling. In less than a year they had enough political and psychological control to make open opposition to their doctrines political suicide; by the time Gov. Barnett was elected in 1959 as their unabashed front man, they had a stranglehold on the state.

They initially seized power by pretending they disdained it. The movement appealed to many men, not bigots, who sincerely felt citizen organization on a nonpolitical basis was the only answer if law and order — plus segregation — were to be maintained. But the professionals, the racists who knew from the outset where they were going, soon rose to the top. Once there and once the apparatus was in their hands, they used the Citizens Councils as a political vehicle whose power extended into almost every county.

The election of Gov. Barnett was their supreme moment. A successful damage-suit lawyer, Barnett had twice run for the state's highest office and been badly defeated. In 1959, he won by a landslide. Symbolically, the first speech he gave after his election was to a Citizens Council.

THERE are few white liberals in Mississippi. There are fewer outright integrationists. That vocal handful who, for want of a better term, are labeled moderates were isolated by the council almost from the beginning. Mississippi is a state of small towns and cities, with its capital, Jackson, a city of 150,000 people — three times the size of the next largest community. Thus there was no Atlanta or New Orleans or Dallas or Nashville in which dissident whites could find any sizable group of sympathizers. Economic pressure was an efficient, if unspectacular, tool of the council, and its unceasing propaganda effort was more than sufficient to counter the voices of reason. With a few notable exceptions, Mississippi by 1959 had the appearance of monolithic solidarity.

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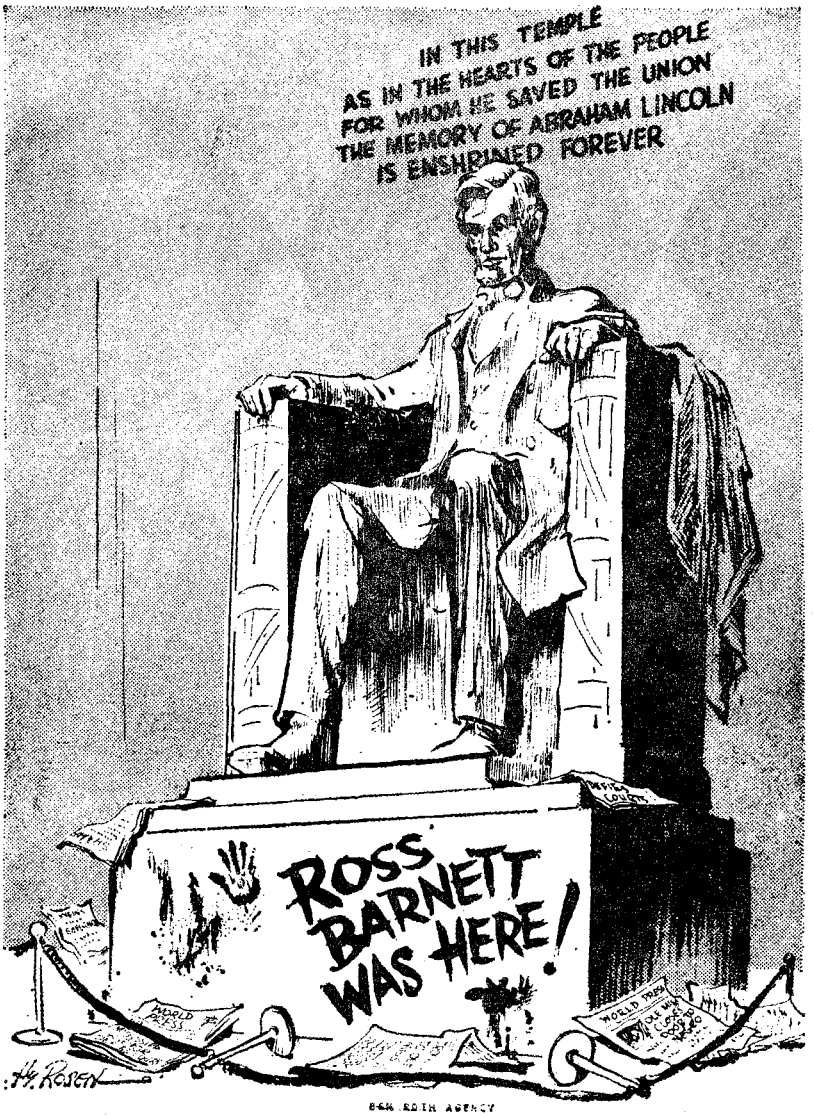
Historical analogies should usually be avoided, since they are as often erroneous as they are valid, but the past two weeks in Mississippi were as surely inevitable, the conflict as "irrepressible," as the Civil War. Now, as then, the hotheads were in full control. Now, as then, the path toward conflict had been apparent for many years. Indeed, the language of the state's leaders seemed to be a direct copy of that used prior to 1861. During the events surrounding the desegregation of Ole Miss, the words of Jefferson Davis after the Civil War seemed to echo across the state: "The principle for which we contended is bound to reassert itself, though it may be at another time and in another form."

Certainly there is one analogy between Jefferson Davis and Ross Barnett which is most definitely valid in Mississippi today. Despite the violence, despite the federal troops, despite the fact that Gov. Barnett is not, as he promised, in jail although desegregation has been accomplished, he is the most popular political figure the state has known since the leader of the lost cause, himself a Mississippian.


IN THIS TEMPLE
AS IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE
FOR WHOM HE SAVED THE UNION
THE MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
IS ENSHRINED FOREVER
ROSS BARNETT WAS HERE!

WHAT this will mean to Mississippi's political future seems obvious. First, the Democratic Party here, as anything but a hollow shell, has been destroyed. There may be candidates for local, state or national office in the state who will run as Democrats, but they will be Democrats in name only. If they are to be elected, they will have to run as Ross Barnett Democrats, as Mississippi Democrats or as States'-rights Democrats. Any seeming allegiance to the national party will be rewarded with defeat at the polls.

Second, Ross Barnett will be the dominant political figure in Mississippi as long as he lives. It is widely surmised that he will run against Senator John Stennis, who was constrained by this knowledge to echo slavishly the Governor's every word. Senator Stennis knows better, but he also knows the mood of the electorate. The pity is that it will probably do him no good to have pandered to the passions of his state. He went with the national Democratic ticket in 1960, while Ross Barnett was leading the victorious forces of the unpledged electors. The people will be reminded of this devotion to the Kennedy brothers again and again in 1964, when the junior Senator is up for re-election.

Third, the Republican Party in Mississippi has received a vigorous boost toward political parity. Its leaders, to a man, opposed the federal intervention, supported the Governor and reminded Mississippians over and over that the GOP is the party of conservatism and States' rights. If President Eisenhower's use of troops at Little Rock set the Republican Party back a decade in the Deep South, the use of troops by a Democratic Administration advanced it twenty years.

This does not mean the Republicans will carry Mississippi in 1964. But they will run a close second to whatever form the third-party protest takes, rather than a distant third as they did in 1960.

Politics aside, the future is not bright for other desegregation attempts. Violence is not merely probable, it is certain. There are literally thousands of Mississippians who believe the recourse to rioting was justified. They are already convincing themselves it was precipitated by the federal marshals, in which attitude they will undoubtedly be aided by the investigation now being undertaken by Mississippi Sen. James Eastland's Judiciary Committee. And if the desegregation of the University of Mississippi touched a raw nerve, secondary and primary school desegregation will pinch the state's entire nervous system.

It is fruitless to try to talk to many Mississippians about the economic consequences of violent defiance. Reason is not an element



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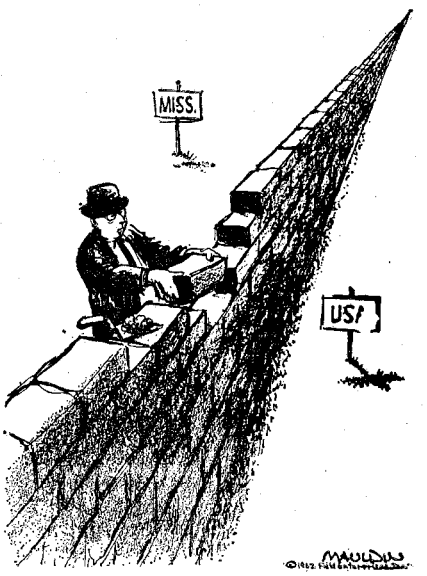
which enters into the state equation. Blind emotion, conditioned by the "never-never" posturings of the politicians for the past eight years and the calculated exploitations of the Citizens Councils' leadership, has the upper hand.

If discussions of economic consequences are fruitless, appeals to morality are equally useless. The man who appeals for simple law and order is quickly branded a traitor to the state or an integrationist. There was belated recognition by some in the business and professional community that the rioting and military occupation which followed was a calamity from which the state would not soon recover, and this recognition took the form of public statements in several communities calling for the preservation of peace at all costs. But the significant point is that these statements were issued after, not before, the disorders. For the most part, they fell upon deaf ears.

PERHAPS this seems a picture of unrelieved gloom. Perhaps it is excessively so. But in a state in which political leadership has abdicated its responsibility, in which dissenters have been silenced and in which ministers of God are afraid or unwilling to speak on the one subject which today has paramount relevance to their belief, their is good reason for pessimism.

There will be no easy panaceas for Mississippi, if anyone ever thought there could be. Federal force has taught no lesson which was not already a part of the state's still freshly remembered heritage from Reconstruction. If "forget, hell" was once the half-humorous symbol of the South's reaction to its defeat in the Civil War, today it has a deadly serious application to Mississippi. What happened at the University of Mississippi and the sleepy little town which houses it on Sept. 30 will be repeated, in greater or lesser degree, in the future. As was once said of the Bourbons in France, Mississippi has demonstrated it never forgets the past and never learns from it.




*A New Wall*

# LETTERS

*(Continued from inside cover)*

*could* wallow in luxury while the rest of the population did without. But I didn't see the slightest evidence that this has happened—yet.

*Rochester, Mich.* SAMUEL SHAPIRO

## Dwarfs of Science

*Dear Sirs:* Re your editorial: "Terra Incognita in Space," [*The Nation,* Sept. 1]: This latest "success" of our sorcerer's apprentices reinforces the dread awakened by their preceding failures.

After their two fizzles, these scientific practitioners assured us that no harm was to be anticipated from the two nuclear devices that they had failed to swoosh into space. Such worry was uncalled for, they said; the two warheads had only plunked into the Pacific. By terrestial standards, the Pacific is vast, yet no one knows—these "scientists" least of all—what the ultimate effects of this nuclear pollution will be.

Have we come to the time foreseen by Brecht in the speech he puts into the mouth of his Galileo near the play's close? You remember it: Galileo tells a younger visitor that he had been wrong when he denied scientific truth before the Inquisition, and that if future scientists follow a similar "safe" line they will betray both science and humanity; they will be mere "dwarfs of science."

RALPH IZZARD

*San Francisco, Calif.*

# Common Market: Britain's Ambivalence . . *by J. R. Pole*

*London*

IT IS EASY to see why the British people are deeply divided on the Common Market. The decision to join, taking it to imply permanent political association with Continental Europe, will certainly be one of the three or four most important peacetime steps of the last four hundred years—in some ways the greatest since Henry VIII's breach with Rome. The comparison is ironically apposite: it is to the Treaty of Rome that the British are now applying to accede.

The party leaders have taken their stand, the press has taken sides and its correspondence and editorial columns groan beneath the opposing arguments, while many Members of Parliament have committed themselves regardless of party. All this was to be expected. The more difficult question is not why the debate should be heated, but why it should have been so slow in gaining momentum. And behind this lies another question. Why, despite the intense commitment of the principals, do so many members of an intelligent and well-informed electorate feel only moderately and uneasily convinced of one or other side of the argument? This is the problem which it is the purpose of this article to discuss. For nothing has been more common during innumerable discussions in recent months than to hear the view which can be summarized: "On balance, I'm *slightly* in favor of going in."

This continuing uncertainty must

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be a source of exasperation and anxiety not only to the British Government, but to the politicians and economists who have definitely made up their minds in favor of "going in." At its best, it expresses a sense of responsibility equal to a great occasion—at its worst, a dangerously flabby complacency. But more than anything else it reflects the extraordinary complexity of the issues and the difficulty felt by many thoughtful people who do not want to hold an opinion before they have a reason.

Worth remembering is the fact that the whole case was originally broached in economic terms. There can be little doubt that when the Cabinet first decided to apply for admission, it had become convinced that the alternative was economic disaster. Recent and rapid advances of productivity on the Continent and the potential exclusion of Britain, whose production was already flagging, would threaten the country with crisis, perhaps ruin. At about the same time, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Selwyn Lloyd, discovered rather to his surprise that the economy over which he confidently presided had become so dangerously inflationary that he suddenly clamped down on incomes wherever he had power to do so with his notorious "Pay Pause."

THAT policy, for a number of reasons, lost no time in becoming extremely unpopular. The Prime Minister, at considerable risk to his normal posture of effortless superiority, labored to communicate enthusiasm —the Common Market was to open brilliant new vistas of economic opportunity, industrial production would thrive in the fresh air of European competition and respond by rolling into the new European markets. But it is important to note that the economic difficulties which led to the Pay Pause were not *themselves* the result of the Common Market. So the increasingly numerous body of electors who were discontented with the government for domestic reasons began to suspect that the Conservative leaders, who had seen no reason for approaching Europe at the time of the last general election in 1959, were now forcing the country in that direction in order to

rescue themselves from the consequences of their own incompetence.

The crisis which led to Lloyd's Pay Pause was itself not a flattering reflection on a party that had been in power for ten years; and it was and remains by no means clear that the Common Market will help solve that particular set of problems. Whatever the larger merits of the case, pulling Macmillan's political chestnuts out of the fire is rather more than can be expected of his opponents. It is because so much more is involved that the Labour Party has found it difficult to reach a policy decision and that, in spite of Gaitskell's condemnation of the present terms, eighty Labour M.P.s now stand committed to British entry into the market.

SINCE the first decision of the government to apply for admission, the economic alternatives have become much less certain. At first the British were told that they had to go in to avert disaster. But now some of the Continental economies begin to look a little less buoyant; there are reasons to suppose that the British could continue to export to Europe even from "outside" and that Britain's own economy, if better managed, might effect a recovery. Economists and politicians with economic training (of whom there are several in the Commons—Gaitskell himself was once an economics don at London University) are divided over these questions and both sides can produce arguments so powerful that the layman, honest and ignorant as ever, is liable to find himself helplessly agreeing with each side in turn. It is difficult to feel that the economic reasons for entering are anything like as urgent now as when they first appeared. The major benefit the British people are offered is that of avoiding a somewhat remote economic dislocation which they might even be able to overcome by their own efforts. That is not the kind of conclusion to generate excitement.

THIS GRADUAL weakening of the sense of economic urgency has had a bad psychological effect on the case for joining. To tell the country that it had to go in or face disaster was to play on British fears and expose Britain's situation as desperately weak. As it gradually transpired that we were not quite so weak, or at any rate that joining the Common Market was not the only possible remedy for our weakness, national self-esteem sprang to the support of judgment in concluding that the case ought to be decided on its merits. The merits are weighty, but to many thoughtful minds they are not quite weighty enough.

In face of divided expert opinion, one reliable economist is the house-



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wife. No one denies that the cost of food will rise as an immediate result of British entry. An immediate rise in the cost of living strikes many people as a much more tangible reason for taking a specific attitude than the hope of avoiding a possible crisis at some indefinite future date. In the long run, the strictly economic reasons for British entry may be good ones; but in either case, large sectors of British industry are going to have a tough fight, and one only needs to see the number of Continental cars already on British roads to realize that the advantages will not run all Britain's way. The technical complexities, the differences among experts and, not least, the personal sense of responsibility for making up one's mind at the risk of being proved wrong by events all tend to produce a puzzled and painful uncertainty. The arguments are much more convincing to those who are already committed.

THE political future of Europe remains a matter for speculation. But the first and greatest reason for European cooperation was to eradicate the age-old hostilities that had led recurrently to European wars. No one should underestimate the benefit already gained on this score; no one who lives in Europe is likely to do so. But from the British point of view, it has produced a curiously negative effect. It means that the most important single objective of European political cooperation has already been very largely gained. To the internal peace of Western Europe, British entry would now add nothing.

This observation once again has the effect of putting the debate on to a long-term basis. A case against going in can be quite strongly argued from dislike and distrust of the Europe of de Gaulle and Adenauer, and certainly those who already hesitate can give this as further reason for delay. Once the urgency of the economic case has been toned down, the political problems can begin to cause heart-searching even for those who are generally favorable to entry.

Proponents of entry are at pains to emphasize that the enforcement of the Rome treaties would make no perceptible difference to the domestic government of the British people. Parliament would continue to make the laws that we would obey and local government would remain untouched. This is a defensive argument; it recognizes the extreme unpopularity of subjecting internal affairs to the decisions of a body in which British votes could be outnumbered. Yet it is hard to believe. Economic planning affects not only the movement of goods, but the movement of labor. Quotas or controls for agriculture, allocations or regulations for industry, would obviously affect the freedom with which British people took decisions about their own affairs. The Socialists fear that edicts emanating from a European government might restrain a future Labour majority in Parliament from establishing a Socialist economy. But many of the objectors are not Socialists and object most bitterly to the notion of Europe's laying down laws for Britain.

When the possible domestic consequences of joining Europe are extended to include the impairment of the sovereignty of Parliament and the weakening of the Commonwealth, then they strike at feelings that lie far deeper than the equivocal reasonings of which we have heard so much.

BRITISH national pride has in the last twenty years suffered a series of shocks which would have been enough to turn a people of weaker fiber into a mob of xenophobes—a strain which has, in fact, made some ugly appearances among some of the weedier specimens in Britain in recent years. But the rise of the new Commonwealth out of the ashes of the old Empire has offered some solace to these bruises. British policy has accepted a strongly implied continuing responsibility for the interests of these newer nations. Their adherence to the Commonwealth has been voluntary, and however tenuous some of the links may be, the voluntary association of a vast range of peoples, nations, races and religions is not a despicable achievement, nor it is a negligible heritage for a colonial empire of the old kind.

With the older Commonwealth, British relations are continuous and intimate. One sometimes gets the impression that, despite the sympathetic politeness of the foreign press, the expressions of these loyalties are a strain on the credulity and even the patience of people outside of the Commonwealth itself. That is perhaps not surprising. For one thing, there is no strictly analogous international association to compare it with. It is also probable that old distrust of the British Empire has not easily transmuted itself into respect for its successor. Again it must be admitted that many of us have had doubts as to the permanence of the Commonwealth and the precise nature of the obligations which it implies. But the fact is that in two major wars the response of the old dominions has been swift, effective and voluntary. Britons simply do not think of Australians as foreigners; our mutual relations have the everyday familiarity of ordinary fellow citizens. The great and vital symbol of this association is cricket. England and Australia have been playing each other regularly since 1880. Cricket between these two and among New Zealand, the West Indies, India and Pakistan (but not now South Africa) is arranged by the Imperial Cricket Conference. It is also significant that some very important positions in British life are held by Australians and other Commonwealth citizens. They can be elected and sit in Parliament without other qualifications. It has been necessary for Macmillan to insist that he would never enter the Common Market at the expense of the Commonwealth, and Commonwealth opinion would be enough to decide many wavering British minds.

If you asked any sample of Americans whether they thought that the *internal* structure of the United States would benefit from a constitutional association with other nations, you would probably receive at least a 100 per cent answer in the negative, perhaps not very politely expressed. The same point applies with equal force to the British sample, with the exception that the answer would be given with a cool and somewhat deceptive politeness. It is not British institutions that need rescuing—and one does not have to belong to the Labour Party to feel that if it is Macmillan's gov-



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ernment that needs it, this is not the right procedure.

THERE is very little echo in Britain of the American enthusiasm for a United States of Europe. Why should there be? Bigger units of government are not desirable in themselves, but only insofar as they prove better and more efficient, and not less equitable, in serving the purposes of government.

There seems to be no necessary correlation between the size and character of the area that is appropriate for economic organization and the size and character of the unit that is appropriate for political and social organization. This is a way of putting what may well be the central problem in the international political economy of this period of development. From the economic point of view, Britain may (but may not) need closer integration into a much larger European system. From a strictly political point of view, Britain may have nothing to gain by closer integration.

Opinions of this sort do not spring from atavistic nationalism. Admittedly they have forged some abnormal political links, and it is a little difficult to express them forcibly without beginning to sound—perhaps to feel—a trifle nationalistic. But a rapid survey of the world—even if limited to the NATO world—of the last twenty years can only confirm the impression that the British people govern themselves with a very tolerable combination of order and social justice. Britain is a small country, but it seems to its inhabitants to be a very good size for a sovereign political unit. This point has not been made much of in the debate, but it is worth stating because it underlies so much else. The British do not share the common American feeling, which may have been ingrained by the generations of continental expansion and continued by the growth of population and the relentless rise in the mechanical attributes of the standard of living, that ever-increasing size is to be desired as an end in itself.

The broader international reasons for joining Europe may very well outweigh these domestic doubts. But at the same time, the view that Britain ought to be present in order to influence the future structure of Europe and the long-term development of its policies, is a somewhat distant, general type of proposition. It is not charged with the urgency required for such a sweeping break with the past.

This reluctance is cushioned, at least for many, by a more disquieting factor. This is the curious state of insular self-satisfaction that seems to permeate much of the British business world and too much of its professionally intellectual world. It may be compared with the mood in America that relied with such soporific complacency on the protective folds of Eisenhower. It is a complex phenomenon and because it helps to keep alive a certain gentleness, noncompetitiveness and politeness, it has engaging features. But it is not a good frame of mind in which to face (or even recognize) a crisis and it does not conduce to bold decisions.

Feelings and opinions have never borne a more subtle and delicate relationship to each other than in this controversy. As R. T. Mackenzie, the Canadian political scientist of London University, recently remarked, the British do not *feel* European. And this is true of nearly all of us, whatever our convictions may be. Some, it is true, have thrown off these inhibiting doubts and embraced the European spirit. But if that embrace were clearly to mean the outright rejection of our Commonwealth ties, then the number would remain a small minority. Perhaps because it implies a rejection of the Commonwealth, the decision that it is right or essential to go in has engendered in some consciences a sense of guilt which disables enthusiasm. The indecision that so many of us feel is the result of a personal conflict to be resolved by each individual.

In any case, the resolution is liable to be a considered opinion rather than a deep personal wish. Our opinions may outweigh our feelings, but that itself is not the kind of process that gives rise to enthusiasm. On balance, then, even among convinced supporters of joining the Common Market, a great many are only *slightly* in favor of going in.

# WE HAVE NO FALLOUT POLICY . . *by Ralph Caplan*

A RECENT *New Yorker* cartoon shows a housewife in a supermarket applying a Geiger counter to a row of milk cartons. She is going about it in the same no-nonsense spirit of inquiry with which, a generation ago, she might have pinched the tomatoes, and for the same reason: direct investigation is the only way she can find out what she needs to know.

The parody is not far from fact. Short of using your own measuring devices and your own judgment (neither of which is much help) there is no way to determine the extent to which your health and the health of your descendants is jeopardized by the low-level radiation that results from nuclear testing, or what to do about it.

Of course, since it is a matter of public health, you can always write your Congressman. But in this case your Congressman does not know and—what is more important—cannot find out.

That was the burden of Representative John V. Lindsay's (R., N.Y.) report last month to the House on his frustrating three-month study of "our national policy toward contamination of our environment by radioactive iodine from fallout." Actually it turned out to be a search *for* pol-

*RALPH CAPLAN, free-lance writer, is consulting editor of* Industrial Design *magazine.*



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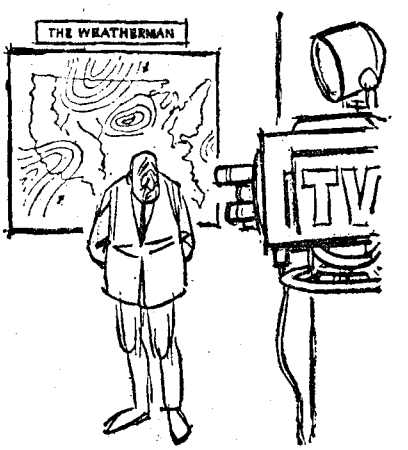
icy, rather than a study of it. Mr. Lindsay is still looking.

Although he is up for re-election this fall, the Manhattan Republican's House speech cannot be dismissed as political. His testimony takes on a certain weight from the fact that he supported President Kennedy's decision to resume testing. I believe him when he says, "I do not wish by this speech to fan a lot of emotions, particularly in those quarters where there has previously been an uninformed, emotional response." Yet an emotional response is hardly inappropriate to what may be matters of life, death and mutation. And, as his own experience amply demonstrates, an *informed* response is something he himself has not been able to achieve. To be sure, Mr. Lindsay began his inquiry pretty late in the game; his admirable concern for national health and safety would have been more admirable still had it come *before* he decided to endorse nuclear testing. But their very staleness gives his questions a special pertinence: even at this late date not even a member of Congress can find answers to the questions citizens have been asking for years.

ON MARCH 2, when announcing the resumption of testing, President Kennedy offered whatever solace lay in the assurance that radioactive fallout would be minimized. "Unfortunately," Lindsay observes, "things did not go quite as planned." Unfortunately, where testing is concerned, they rarely do. The history of our nuclear testing is, like most such experiments, a history of surprises: the fallout is heavier than we had hoped; or, as with last fall's Russian testing, lighter than we had feared (in either case pointing up our inability to predict); or Iodine-131 appears in unexpectedly large quantities; or the underground tests don't stay underground; or the high-altitude test that was not going to form a new radiation belt apparently did form one; or a nuclear-warhead rocket bursts prematurely from its launching pad. All of this is made more disturbing by the obfuscation that at best conceals, at worst *is*, our national program regarding fallout.

Iodine-131 is a radioactive form of iodine that becomes concentrated in the thyroid and is especially dangerous to infants. It first achieved notoriety nearly a year ago, after the heavy Russian tests, when it appeared as unexpectedly as if it had dropped from the clouds, you might say. Its surprise appearance this summer is especially ironic, since this time we brought it on ourselves. Iodine-131 has a half-life of only eight days, and the two largest Russian tests were conducted at altitudes




Interlandi: Des Moines Register

*"... Low tonight, 50 ... High tomorrow, 68 ... Expected radiation increase, 2½ per cent... Nighty-night, folks!"*

high enough to allow it to decay before reaching us. We were not as lucky with our own fallout, which came down sooner than expected and contaminated the pastures and hence the milk.

"Contaminated" is a strong and scary word. What does it mean? "How do we know when the levels of Iodine-131 in the diet are excessive?" Mr. Lindsay asks. "That is a good question because it gets us into the story of some of the most ingenious administrative double talk of our time—the radiation protection guides established by the Federal Radiation Council."

WHERE fallout is concerned, the protection guides are distinguished principally by two characteristics: they offer no protection and they are not guides. Established in 1959 to apply to industrial exposure, they either are or aren't, or are *and* aren't, to be used for fallout as well.

Whatever the guides are for, the information based on them often comes after the fact. For example, Lindsay reports that when Iodine-131 levels in milk reached Range II of the protection guides (calling for "active surveillance and routine control"), the Public Health Service stepped up its milk-sampling program from once a week to twice a week. But by the time the samples were processed and the data prepared and issued, the information was irrelevant. Since Iodine-131 is short-lived, protection measures are relatively effective and simple. But for that very reason they are useless if not implemented promptly. A woman constituent of Representative Silvio O. Conte (R., Mass.) wrote to ask what good it did her to read Public Health Service reports about the radioactive content of milk she had already drunk. He had no answer. "I, too, have found it apparent that we have no such national policy," Conte told the House, "and I am deeply and urgently concerned about this fact."

EVEN if the information were delivered in time to mean something, what would it mean? Lindsay attacks the procedure of *averaging out* the milk samples, a policy he labels as "a choice example of statistical machinations." Whether or not it is that, there is no question that the *average* levels are not much help as the basis for action since, by definition, they do not apply to any one or any place. Not only do they not reliably indicate what people should do; as Lindsay points out, they tend to mislead people into doing what they should not do, causing residents of a low-level area to worry needlessly, and others, in a high-level area, to be complacent when perhaps they should be taking action.

But taking what action? You don't know, and neither does your Congressman. While the National Advisory Committee on Radiation (NACR) has described the *criteria* for countermeasures (they must be effective, safe, in the public interest, responsibly and authoritatively implemented, etc.), there is no federal program of countermeasures that meets these, or any other, criteria. This is not for lack of awareness, for the NACR reported in May that unless such a program is begun, "the nation may well be faced in a few



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years with contamination problems which cannot easily be solved."

So the urgency of the problem has been acknowledged. But, Lindsay submits, "Not only are we without a clear definition of countermeasure policy in this country, but we are not even sure who would be responsible for instituting a countermeasure policy if we had one."

Unable, then, to find out what the guides mean, what countermeasures are planned, and whose responsibility they are, Lindsay wrote to the President and to Representative Chet Holifield (D., Calif.), the Chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. ("It seemed impossible to me that there could be no answers to these questions," he says.) He found that the Joint Committee had itself put the same questions to Abraham Ribicoff, then Chairman of the Federal Radiation Council (FRC), and had requested a joint meeting of the committee and the council to clarify these issues. According to Representative Melvin Price (D., Ill.), Chairman of the Joint Committee's Subcommittee on Research, Development and Radiation, the meeting, held last June, did result in "partial clarification." But the informal half answers will not make anyone feel even half safe. Question: Are the radiation-protection guides the sole criteria for judging when there is too much radioactivity? Answer: Yes. Question: Is this sufficient to indicate what action should be taken and when? Answer: No.

In his letter to the President, Mr. Lindsay complained of "the difficulty which I and my staff have encountered when we have tried to obtain the facts and figures which are essential to even a superficial understanding of the fallout situation," and asked that a full and meaningful account be provided. After an interval of a month, he received a reply from Jerome B. Wiesner, the President's chief scientific adviser. It announced the availability of the kind of material whose inadequacy Lindsay had complained of in the first place, gave a general description of Iodine-131, and concluded with the assurance that effective countermeasures are integrated with the surveillance network and with radiation data "to provide the American people protection from radioiodine."

That assuring statement would be more comforting if the Federal Radiation Council did not keep offering up evidence that it is untrue. In response to the queries of Holifield, Price, Lindsay and others, Anthony J. Celebrezze, the new Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, and the new FRC chairman, has issued a statement of clarification that rivals the muddiest of the areas it purports to clarify.

According to Mr. Celebrezze, "the radiation protection guides are not a dividing line between safety and danger in actual radiation situations; nor are they alone intended to set a limit at which protective action should be taken or to indicate what kind of action should be taken." The reason they cannot indicate when or what action should be taken is that "individual fallout situations require individual evaluation."

However, he says, although not designed to apply to fallout, the guides can be used to indicate "a need for detailed evaluation of possible exposure hazards"—this somehow despite the fact that they do not distinguish between what Mr. Celebrezze would call a safety situation and a danger situation.

ON SEPTEMBER 17, when this clarification was released, Marjorie Hunter in *The New York Times* interpreted the statement to mean that "for the first time the council had taken the official position that its radiation protection guides did not apply to nuclear fallout." She went on: "This, in effect, means that the United States does not have any over-all guide lines dealing with the amounts of nuclear radiation from fallout that a person can absorb safely."

Certainly this seems to be what the Celebrezze statement seems to mean. But the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy is not so sure. On September 26 the committee still complained that "no progress seems to have been made in arriving at a satisfactory answer to the question of whether these guides should be applied to fallout from nuclear-weapons testing."

Even the little sense that can be made of the FRC's statement is obliterated in application. In the absence of a federal program, state action was taken in Utah (and later in Minnesota) to keep contaminated milk off the market. This would seem to be the kind of "individual evaluation" Mr. Celebrezze recommends, and an HEW release praises the Utah action and explains that it was based on the exposure guide lines. But, as FRC chairman, Mr. Celebrezze criticized the action as unnecessary and *premature*, and said that the council would not have recommended it on the basis of the guides as it understood them. I stress the word "premature" because the Utah action (putting some herds on stored fodder, and diverting the milk of other herds to butter and cheese to allow time for the radioactivity to decay) was not taken until several days *after* milk iodine levels had risen to more than ten times the point at which "strong and prompt action" is called for by the council's own guides!

NO ONE can justly demand that reliable safety guide lines be set, for there is not enough measurable low-level radiation experience to base them on. The government cannot tell us what its scientists do not know. But it could tell us plainly *that* they do not know, and clearly interpret the implications of what they do know. Even the bland general report of the United Nations Scientific Committee on the Effects of Atomic Radiation acknowledges that "it is prudent to assume that some genetic damage may follow any dose of radiation, however small." That prudent assumption, one imprudently assumes, has been agonizingly factored in to the decision to test. But neither it nor anything else has been incorporated into a coherent national protective policy.

Congressman Lindsay says, "The theory is popularly advanced that the Administration refuses to act for fear that any action it might take to alleviate the fallout hazard would provide additional ammunition to the opponents of nuclear testing." A number of devices are scheduled to be exploded in the next few weeks; it will be interesting to see whether this theory is among them.



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# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Russian Ways of Thinking

*FROM GORKY TO PASTERNAK. Six Writers in Soviet Russia.* By Helen Muchnic. Random House. 438 pp. $7.50.

***Evgenia Lehovich***

AMONG the many freedoms denied the citizens of Soviet Russia, the freedom of artistic creation is perhaps the crucial one. In recent years several factors have served to focus our attention on this particular aspect of tyranny. One of these was the short-lived period of "thaw," following Stalin's death, which allowed both the Russians and ourselves a glimpse of how some of the young Soviet novelists and poets would like to write. Another factor was the publication of Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago* and the ensuing scandal which shocked the reading world into realizing the hamstrung position of Soviet artists in general and of writers in particular.

The servitude of the Soviet writer is possibly more shocking and more important than that of men in other realms of art such as music and painting. It has the most direct influence on the moral, political and mental development of the people, both as an educating factor and as an instrument of propaganda. We know that in Soviet Russia approval is generally given to writers who adhere to "Socialist Realism," who describe objective reality and at the same time stimulate and uphold Communist virtues and ideals; and that the subjective writer, particularly if he has no moral-political ax to grind, may expect to feel the displeasure of the state. Less widely known and insufficiently appreciated is the important fact that these distinctions of contemporary Russian literature go far back into history. Furthermore, although these distinctions are now artificially imposed, they were at their inception not only voluntary but inevitable.

Helen Muchnic's great achievement in *From Gorky to Pasternak* is not only to give us a series of literary essays, each of which has its own intrinsic value, but to impress on us through them that "the story of modern Russian literature is . . . the story of an ominous conflict, as ominous as any that has been or is being fought, in this warring century. Its issue is nothing less than human creativity." Her essays point out the origins and development of this conflict, its past and future historic and philosophic implications and its relation to Western thought and literature.

IN A brilliant introduction which goes back to the accidental meeting of Tolstoy, Chekhov and Gorky in Yalta in 1901, we are prepared for the inevitable parting of the ways in Russian thinking. The course of the two divergent currents is then traced, with their obstacles and deviations, their moral and political climates, from the initial clash of Tolstoy's and Gorky's artistic approaches to the unresolved dissension within the state-controlled Soviet literature of our day. Both currents appear to stem from the same source — the characteristic tendency of Russian writers to accept a degree of moral responsibility along with their creative gift — which was already evident at a time when Russian literature still seemed unfractured. From the end of the nineteenth century, however, under the pressure of increasingly urgent political issues, this fundamental concern with the destiny of mankind began to express itself in opposite ways: for some it could be fulfilled only from inside by individual spiritual efforts; for others it had to be achieved by a reorganization of life from the outside. In its various stages this conflict took the form of faith vs. scientific realism, intuition vs. analysis, imagination vs. concrete fact, dream vs. reality, mind vs. the senses, the "inner" vs. the "outer" world. The essence of the argument became, and still is, "social as against individualistic ethics."

Each of the six portraits of the most significant writers of post-revolutionary Russia which follow the introduction exemplifies an important phase of the argument. These exhaustive and thought-provoking studies of Gorky, Blok, Mayakovsky, Leonov, Sholokhov and Pasternak are so clearly separate literary entities that one is tempted to write a review for each. But through all of them there runs the uniting, leading thread of philosophic analysis. It divides the writers, despite their differences, into two basic categories: those for whom human individuality is the center of creation, and those for whom art is governed by and serves social and political principles which they place above the individual. Helen Muchnic does the authors who belong to the second category the honor (not always justified in this reviewer's opinion) of considering their approach to be voluntary and sincere. However, she is also aware that they are the precursors of a school of writers who will have no choice but to adopt this approach.

MAXIM GORKY is treated with exceptional sympathy or, possibly, a special effort at being fair to this highly controversial figure. We are appalled by the incredibly sordid circumstances of Gorky's childhood and youth and impressed by the dedication and gigantic effort which grew out of them. In spite of this, Gorky the writer emerges as a crashing bore who "spoiled the scattered images of Russia by cementing them into unwieldy novels with the dull mortar of reasoning." A writer, moreover, who did not believe in the inherent merit of truth. The expressions of joy at Russia's happiness and freedom with which Gorky's letters abound during the years of Stalinist terror, cannot really be dismissed with the half-hearted excuse that "he told the truth which suited him and which he considered good for others."

The study of Leonid Leonov, second of the three realistic authors in Helen Muchnic's book, contains an interesting comparison between his fascinating, somewhat Dostoevskian novel *The Thief,* and his typically "Socialist reconstruction" novel *Sot'* (*Soviet River*). It is an excellent demonstration of this writer's transition from instinctive writing, in which passionate and romantic human beings are vividly described, to his painstaking eulogies of exemplary but wooden "strong men" participating in the Socialist communal effort.

What strikes one most in the appraisals of Gorky and Leonov is the metamorphosis of their talent as soon as they become socially conscious and

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deliberately moralistic. Gorky's gift of acute observation gives way to grandiloquence, rhetoric and boredom, while Leonov's heroes grow incredibly banal and indulge in embarrassing platitudes.

Mikhail Sholokhov, though another of the social realist authors, seems to escape the worst of the pitfalls—at least in his great early novel, *The Quiet Don.* In writing it he was more bent on reliving his experiences as an active participant in the revolutionary strife than on instructing young Communists on their behavior. The love stories of his characters, the vigorous feeling for the land, the horrors of civil war which he had witnessed, are all overwhelmingly true. There is more passion and less moralizing than in Gorky's and Leonov's tendentious novels.

HELEN MUCHNIC'S special talent is her understanding of poets and poetry. In this book she is faced with the almost insurmountable obstacle of conveying the feeling, content and interpretation of three great poets without the possibility of quoting them in their native tongue. When one takes this into account, the essays on Blok, Mayakovsky and Pasternak are an extraordinary achievement. They examine the central creative impulses of these poets in the light of the book's unifying theme of creative conflict in Russian literature. The complex interplay of biographical, emotional and intellectual elements in the writers' lives, and their transmutation into verse and prose, are displayed with skill and penetration.

The studies are fascinating reading, especially for those who are acquainted with the writers' works in Russian. For those who are not, the rhymed translations and Miss Muchnic's own excellent prose paraphrasing of these poets can never be fully effective. The rhythm and motion are lost and the full impact of the meaning is lost with them. This is especially true of the wholly lyric verse of Alexander Blok, whose art the author aptly compares to ballet:

> The symbolism of his language is closer to the meaning given by the rhythm of physical motion . . . in a dance, than to the significance of concepts or even of musical tones, or the colors and contours of pictures. By contrast to "visual" or "aural" symbolism one is tempted to call it "kinetic." It is here that one senses best his special gift: an ability to impart the very essence of irrationality.

Unfortunately the essence of Blok's poems is not always conveyed by the translations, and perhaps for that reason he appears to us even more irrational and at the same time less true to himself than he really was. We have, nevertheless, a striking portrait of a great poet of "inner reality," moved by emotions and spiritual aspirations, at home in a dream world of his own creation, yet remarkably attuned to his period and sensitive to its most secret vibrations. Blok was inextricably tied to the destinies of his country and longed to identify himself with the spirit of its revolutionary period, but was overwhelmed and destroyed by its outer reality, its "filth and baseness," until he could no longer "hear the music of the world" and so could write no more.

Vladimir Mayakovsky's suicide at the age of thirty-seven, following an immensely productive and successful career, has been ascribed to various causes by sympathetic as well as antagonistic literary historians. Helen Muchnic's probing of Mayakovsky's character, life and death casts on the poet a new light so vivid and challenging that a rereading of his works becomes at once imperative. The essence of his tragedy was that the poet and romantic turned himself into a moralist and propagandist from devotion to communism, but never truly belonged in the Socialist realism camp. We are shown the hidden human side of Mayakovsky—the solitude behind his self-exposure, the desperate gravity of his clowning. We perceive then, through the accepted, simplified and glorified image of this colossus of Socialist art, the second Mayakovsky: a solitary, divided and secretive man unsuccessfully hidden by the gigantic mask of his own creation.

The concluding essay, "Boris Pasternak and the Poems of Yuri Zhivago," is a remarkable piece of literary analysis and the most brilliant study in the entire book. It would in itself be reason enough to urge *From Gorky to Pasternak* on any serious student of contemporary literature. The essay gives a comprehensive idea of Pasternak's whole world outlook, way of thinking and approach to art. And it is based on a profound knowledge and understanding of Russian literature and thought rather than on attempts to "interpret" the allegorical meaning of this writer's symbolism. The result is probably the most thorough and revealing study of the poet that has been published to date.

Of the three Russian poets examined in this book, Pasternak with his "inclusive vision" comes nearest to relating the "outer" and the "inner" world in a true reality. It is the poets who, on the evidence of this book, show the best chance of emerging victorious from the "ominous conflict." They are, Helen Muchnic says, "the true innovators in Russian literature and the inheritors of its great tradition."

## Commonly So
### from *I Love* (1922)

**Love — to anyone born — is given, —**
**but among jobs,**
**incomes**
**etcetera,**
**from day to day**
**the soil of the heart hardens.**
**Over the heart the body is put on,**
**over the body— the shirt.**
**As if that weren't enough!**
**Someone—**
**a fool!—**
**came up with cuffs**
**and flooded the breast with starch.**
**When old age is near, they suddenly notice.**
**Woman paints, grooms, preens.**
**Man with a daily dozen revolves like a windmill.**
**But it's late.**
**The skin multiplies with wrinkles.**
**Love will bloom for awhile,**
**will bloom for awhile —**
**and then shrivels like a fig.**

***Vladimir Mayakovsky***
**Translated by *Ruth Herschberger***
**and *Marina Prychodko***



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# The Fact of His Life

*PICTURES FROM BRUEGHEL AND OTHER POEMS.* By William Carlos Williams. New Directions. 184 pp. $2.25 paper.

***Robert Creeley***

THERE IS no simple way to speak of this book. When a man makes something so much the fact of his own life, then we are all of us involved because each life is first of all that singular.

What shall I say, because talk I must
That I have found a cure
for the sick?
I have found no cure
for the sick
but this crooked flower
which only to look upon
all men
are cured . . .
("The Yellow Flower")

What we have been told too often to care for in our lives are the plans, tomorrow's solutions, what we can look forward to; no one speaks of what is here to be seen, right now. But that is what there is, to speak of. Against the confusions which come of a blindness to that fact, Dr. Williams puts the things he sees, feels, knows, in the life given him. He has said for a long time that there can be "No ideas but in things," and by that he means that no man or woman can hope to avoid what they literally are, or, equally, the reality of which they are a part. We live just as and where we are. As this man does here, for example:

"The World Contracted
to a Recognizable Image"

at the small end of an illness
there was a picture
probably Japanese
which filled my eye
an idiotic picture
except it was all I recognized
the wall lived for me in that picture
I clung to it as a fly

Whatever a poem uses for its means — the rhythms, the order of its words, etc. — all of these must come from what has provoked the writing to begin with. The mind and ear, in this sense, are stripped to hear and to organize what is given to them. The *dance* Williams has used as a metaphor for this recognition of life and its use is present to all:

. . . But only the dance is sure!
make it your own.
Who can tell
what is to come of it?

in the woods of your
own nature whatever
twig interposes, and bare twigs
have an actuality of their own

this flurry of the storm
that holds us,
plays with us and discards us
dancing, dancing as may be credible.
("The Dance")

In "The Desert Music"—the title poem of an earlier collection (1954) included, together with "Journey to Love" (1955), in this present book—the music for this dance is "a music of survival, subdued, distant, half heard. . . ." As an answer to the superficial music of a "nauseating prattle," Williams gives "the form of an old whore in/a cheap Mexican joint in Juárez, her bare/can waggling crazily . . .":

. . . What the hell
are you grinning
to yourself about? Not
at *her*?
The music!
I like her. She fits
the music .

And again, finding a form which is apparently human, but which has no simple identity, "propped motionless — on the bridge/between Juárez and El Paso — unrecognizable/in the semi-dark . . .":

. . . But what's THAT?
the music! the
*music*! as when Casals struck
and held a deep cello tone
and I am speechless .

The *dance*, the acts of a life, move to that *music*, the force of the life itself. Anything a man does might well be in reverence of that fact. For the making of a poem it is essential:

. . . Now the music volleys through
as in
a lonely moment I hear it. Now it is
all
about me. The dance! The verb detaches itself
seeking to become articulate .

And I could not help thinking
of the wonders of the brain that
hears that music and of our
skill sometimes to record it.

The most recent poems in this book have the same root. I cannot pick and choose among them because they are all true. Taste will always argue, but there must come a time when each poem takes its place among the others in that life which it works to value, to measure, to be the fact of. What can one say more than this:

"To Be Recited to Flossie
on Her Birthday"

Let him who may
among the continuing lines
seek out

that tortured constancy
affirms
where I persist

let me say
across cross purposes
that the flower bloomed

struggling to assert itself
simply under
the conflicting lights

you will believe me
a rose
to the end of time

*ROBERT CREELEY'S poems written in the decade 1950-60 have been collected in the volume,* For Love (*Scribner's*).

# LETTER from ATHENS

***Maurice Grosser***

ATHENS this summer was unprecedentedly hot, prosperous and full of tourists. Their number astonishes. Greece is not like Italy where the smallest town has something to be seen. It has little to offer except archaeology, fragments and sites denuded of all but their history. Sicily has better-preserved temples. The most famous examples of Greek sculpture are elsewhere, in London or in Munich. And as for Byzantine art, Daphne and Osios Loukas are small pickings after St. Marks or Ravenna.

It is perhaps exactly this—that there is so little to see — that makes tourism here so popular. Athens with its museums, Cape Sounion, Delphi, Olympia, and an island cruise, and you have had it. It still remains that what is here — fragmentary or not — is all authentic. These are not Roman copies. And seen in the clear light of their own land, the fragments are remarkably impressive.

The most impressive depository of



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them is the new Acropolis Museum, a low, tactfully inconspicuous building tucked well out of sight behind the Parthenon. Of the museums here, it is by far the most tastefully installed. And its collection has the historical unity of having all come from excavations made on the Acropolis itself. The digging was thorough. Every spoonful of dirt was removed from the plateau; there remains today only bare and slippery rock. And the finds were rich — sculptured fragments and votive statues from earlier temples, sculptures blasted from the Parthenon by the Venetian bombing, as well as those portions of the Parthenon frieze and pediment which Lord Elgin had not thought worth taking.

The museum has two sections: one for the pre-Phidian sculptures and the other for works from the Parthenon and later. The lighting is soft and effective, and the wall colors have been skillfully chosen to set off the color of the pieces themselves which, almost unbelievably, still retain much of their original paint. The legs of a rider, for example, perhaps a Persian, decorated with lozenges of red, yellow and black to indicate tights, the feet in red-painted shoes; the bulls and snakes of the animal pediments still in their heraldic colors; and as for the *korés*, the color of their robes still evident in depths of the folds and their *chalmys* still edged with complicated key-pattern borders in paint.

The museum possesses more than a dozen of these *korés* — life-size statues of women, elaborately coiffed and gowned, and all standing in the identical pose: one foot advanced, the right hand extended as if bearing a gift, the left hand at mid-thigh level, grasping a handful of robe. No one is certain what they represent — priestesses, goddesses, votive figures? The male *kouroi* are equally mysterious — images of Apollo perhaps? — and also in standardized positions: nude, the weight distributed equally on the two feet, one of which is advanced, the arms down and forward with palms out, the hair long and carefully dressed, and on the face a fixed "archaic" smile.

THE MUSEUM is only a few years old and three of the rooms are still closed to the public. Two of them, now almost ready, will display the museum's immediately pre-Phidian works: the well-known bas-relief of Athene leaning on her staff; the head of the *Blond Boy*, so called because of the flecks of gold still to be seen in his most fancy hair-do (certainly the most beautiful Classical male head extant); two largish terra-cotta standing *Victories* — winged female figures which could easily be mistaken for French Neo-Classic — and a diminutive *koré* with a comically round face wearing a pair of pointed shoes exactly like those of the present-day Ef-zone Royal Guard. The third room houses a more ambitious project. It will present a reconstruction, made like a picture puzzle from a mass of fragments the museum possesses, of a sixth-century pediment whose subject is a battle of gods and giants. I doubt it will be successful. The fragments at hand seem too few and in very small pieces.

Down the hill is the Stoa of Attalus, the reconstruction of a late Classic building done with funds from the Rockefeller Foundation, which serves to display the finds made in the Agora by the American School of Classical Studies. The building, it is claimed, is an exact reconstruction of the original stoa. But either that building was not very good, or the proportions of the detail in columns and capitals were faultily reconstituted. At any rate, the central columns seem over-plump, the capitals skimpy and the structure itself — a one-sided, straight line, double-decker colonnade — has the air of a warehouse got up in the American Colonial style. The effect might be better if it did not sit there so white and so alone.

Among the objects it contains are a fine series of Roman portrait heads and some strikingly stylish geometric pottery from eighth- and seventh-century tombs. More topical is a water clock from the fourth century B.C. whose function was to limit political speeches to six minutes; and a cooking pot from the same period with airtight lid and spout on the side for escaping steam, very like a pressure cooker. There are a hundred or so lamp-bottom fragments — the shards used when someone was to be ostracized — all found together, each one inscribed with the name Themistocles and all the writing done in one of three or four recognizable hands. Either the Athenian citizens could not write and used professional scribes, or this is an early example of the stuffed ballot box. Even more up to date is a bottle for wine or oil inscribed "return to Phillip, brother of Phillip," and a jar from the second century after Christ marked "cookies."

The Ceramicus, a small museum situated at the far end of Hermes Street, is on the whole the least interesting. It nevertheless contains some fine fifth-century grave stones, and its large collection of pottery includes the one object here I would be tempted to steal — a small black-figured bordello lamp, charmingly decorated with some lively and quite appropriate scenes.

THE LARGEST and richest museum of them all is the National Archaeological, the most important museum in Greece. It is a handsome building in a contemporary version of Greek nineteenth-century Classical, with flat pilaster columns and all in white marble and red brick. The present installation dates from well after the war, most of the rooms having been opened to the public only in the last few years. The collection is much too large for detailed description. It contains all the pottery, weapons, art objects and jewelry dug up by Schliemann and his successors at Mycene, Tiryns and the other pre-Homeric sites. There is a case with clay tablets from Pylos, inscribed with the


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recently deciphered "linear B" script; the writing seems suprisingly neat and clear. There are rooms of Cycladic pottery and sculpture — marble goddess shapes with flat faces, and two astonishing musicians with instruments which might be from pre-Columbian Colima.

As for sculpture, it possesses the one representative collection to be found in all Greece: from the early, almost Sumerian, seated figures; a progression of *kouroi* in all the archaic styles; the magnificent bronze of *Zeus Hurling a Thunderbolt*, a fifth-century piece brought up from the sea bottom in a fisherman's net not too long ago; the original fifth-century bas-relief of *Demeter, Persephone and Triptolemus* illustrating a point in the Mysteries, of which an excellent Roman copy exists in the Metropolitan; down to a Hellenistic *Pan* which might have been by Rodin, and, also Hellenistic, the incomparable little jockey (another of the bronzes fished up from the sea), an impossibly vivid image of a child in violent motion and certainly the finest work that has come down to us from that period.

TO this list of bronzes must be added the sixth-century *kouros* found in Piraeus a few years ago. It was uncovered, along with some other pieces, when a street was dug up; the belief is that the dictator Sulla had got them together for shipping off to Rome. The *kouros* itself, I am told, though the finest of the lot, has certain anomolies. The hands and feet would seem by their style to be of a slightly later date than the figure itself. The hair-do is uncanonical, and the face seems less stylized and more like a portrait than was common at the time. More curious than any of this to my own eye is the awkward modeling where neck joins left shoulder. At any rate, the find has initiated a number of scholarly — and administrative — questions which have not yet been satisfactorily answered. Is this an original work, or a later copy of an archaic statue — a thing which was not common — or an injured work restored in Classical times? And who is to own it, Piraeus where it was found; or Athens, which has the more important museum?

The floor above houses what is certainly the most comprehensive display of Greek vase painting in the world. Here are examples of all the shapes and in all the styles: from the early severities of the geometric period; black-figured pieces from the beginning and middle of the fifth century signed by all the known masters; the extraordinary white ground *lekythoi* of the end of the century, decorated with scenes in a fluid brush work that might be mistaken for Picasso or Bérard; and on to the decadent and commercial let-down in the art that took place so shortly after. These broken domestic examples of a minor art convey — along with the impression of how charming life must have been in ancient Greece — some hint of what the real Greek painting must have been like. Remembering its debased form as preserved in the wall decorations of Pompeii, I suspect that Greek painting of the grand style was nearer to Chinese painting than is generally supposed — that it was essentially linear; that it depended on the use of aerial perspective for the depiction of space, and, if one is to judge by the quality of line in some of the freer pieces, it was executed, as in Chinese painting, with a vertically held, conical-tipped brush.

But these considerations lead away from the Greece of today where painting is far less in evidence than photography, and where (as indeed everywhere else) amateur photography has replaced the tourist's sketch book. At the Acropolis I even saw, among the hordes of busily clicking amateurs, a real professional — an elderly man dressed in a linen duster, peering into an antiquated camera on a tripod. Before him stood aligned a large Greek family, waiting, with the Parthenon as background, to be immortalized in tintype.

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CAREY McWILLIAMS,
Editor.

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# THEATRE

## *Harold Clurman*

RONALD MILLAR'S dramatization of C. P. Snow's novel *The Affair*, a London success, is a play which I mentioned in these columns when I saw it first in that city. It is a social play in the Galsworthy vein (*Strife, Justice, The Mob, The Skin Game*). Being a dramatization, *The Affair* is cruder and more summary than those plays, but it is marked by some of the decorum and the avoidance of special pleading which we associate with Galsworthy.

The theme of the Millar-Snow piece is the humane need to treat with fairness and balanced judgment even those people whose personality and philosophy we may detest. No one in the play likes the rude and obstreperous scientist who has been ousted from his post at Cambridge, but even the most conservative of his colleagues—including a Roman Catholic — come to his defense when they are convinced that he is innocent of the professional fraud for which he was dismissed. The only ones unreconciled to the terms of his vindication are the fanatics of the Left and the Right. The legal protagonist of the play — the author's mouthpiece — speaks for sanity.

What is most entertaining in the play is the series of thumbnail sketches of the various Cambridge dons. The development of the plot provides a certain degree of suspense — also entertaining. Most valuable of all is the play's spirit:



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typical of a certain dignity and stamina traditionally, and on the whole rightly, regarded as one of the most admirable aspects of the British character. The play has a civilized tone.

Angus Wilson has said that Snow's novels are not art but sociology. Agreed. Still less is the dramatization of *The Affair* art. But last week I stated that the play is worth seeing — an opinion I now reaffirm. For it is surely obtuse to pretend that the plays we commonly see, hear praised and enjoy are art!

*A Man For All Seasons* — a play better written and better acted than *The Affair* — is itself barely art, if art at all. And I am not at all sure that the theme of *A Man For All Seasons*, as presented in its argument, is more pertinent now than is that of *The Affair*. Are the questions of the pre-eminence of the law and the freedom of conscience, as enunciated in Robert Bolt's play, more valid than Mr. Snow's story which alludes to the insane psychology of the cold war?

I too would like all plays to attain the status of literature and all productions to that of art, but lacking these — as most of the time we do — the entertainment offered by *The Affair*, if we go to the theatre at all, should momentarily prove sufficient.

Edward Atienza, whom I judge from his Mercutio in the Zefferelli (Old Vic) *Romeo and Juliet* last season to be a young man, traces in *The Affair* a rather exaggerated but highly amusing characterization of a senior Cambridge Fellow. Brewster Mason is solid (without being stolid) as the lawyer for the defense. There are creditable performances by J. S. Good, Kynaston Reeves, Francis Compton, Geoffrey Lumsden. Brenda Vaccaro, though possibly miscast in a not too well-written part, is an attractive actress of some promise.

THE off-Broadway theatre serves its most important function in presenting such a play as William Snyder's *The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker* — particularly when it is as nicely acted and directed as in this case (Sheridan Square Playhouse).

It might be called seedling drama. It is not "big," not fully grown, but it is alive. It is an attempt to compose an honest bit of realism about the kind of young person who comes from our hinterland to soar to some significance in the metropolis. The values of the old homestead are now threadbare. They offer the young person, Beebee Fenstermaker, nothing by which she can live, and she has no particular talent — apart from her aspiration to "something better" — to sustain her.

The author does not sentimentalize his heroine (he may not even like her). Her little quiver of idealism and appetite only tends to make her foolish and intellectually arrogant, though she hasn't much intellect to begin with. Yet she is a true enough specimen of our times and country, and though the author doesn't dig deep — there is barely enough substance into which to dig — the girl comes through as real.

This is equally true of the others in the play. The young man whom Beebee lives with for a while and whom she hopes will fulfill her, is himself a confused boy in uncertain quest of manhood. The play seems about to exhaust its spare material when it is saved by a charming, original, funny and sad scene in which a fledgling "hillbilly" wanders into Beebee's apartment, an innocent and utterly bewildered lamb. Abandoned by her lover, Beebee is reduced to agonized anonymity and therefore invites the guileless hick to stay with her — to which he distractedly consents.

This first play by William Snyder is the dramatization — in a series of short sketches — of the ache of our cultural callowness, the troubled vacuity of a large body of our youth.

All the performances are right for the play. The younger folk have the better parts. I recommend to your attention the modest and unforced realism of Rose Gregorio, Stanley Beck, Ann Wedgeworth and Robert Duvall. It is clear that Ulu Grosbard knew how to direct them.

### Poetry Editor

With this issue, David Ignatow assumes the position of Poetry Editor, a rotating assignment held most recently and conducted very ably by Paul Blackburn.

Mr. Ignatow is the author of three collected volumes of verse: *Say Pardon* (Wesleyan University Press), *Poems* (Decker Press) and *The Gentle Weight Lifter* (Morris Gallery). For ten years he was an editor of the *Beloit Poetry Journal*, and the Walt Whitman Centennial issue of that magazine was published under his direction. Recently, Mr. Ignatow edited a special issue of *Chelsea* devoted to contemporary political poetry.

# FILMS

## *Robert Hatch*

THE film version of O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night* places the reviewer in a familiar, if not customary, dilemma. He must hedge his praise without turning his readers away from the picture. This play was its author's masterpiece; Ely Landau and Sidney Lumet have brought it to the screen with respect and understanding. Therefore, it has a stature and makes an impact quite beyond comparison with the run of contemporary screen fare. *Long Day's Journey* is a true tragedy, a drama relentless and compassionate, springing from character and developing by the interplay of character. It was superbly produced on Broadway several years ago (José Quintero directed), but I do not know when or where it will be staged again. Therefore I urge the movie on anyone who has not seen the play; it is better — a great deal better — than missing out altogether.

At the same time, the movie is a different, a smaller, experience than the play. *Long Day's Journey* is not meant for the screen; it resists the camera. It is a play of talk — long-winded, repetitious, evasive, self-justifying, wounding and obscuring talk. There is almost no action. And it all takes place in two or three mildew-redolent rooms in a Connecticut shore cottage of the last century. In these circumstances, a camera has nothing to do and, being idle, it jitters about, looking for "interesting" shots, trotting up for pointless and disconcerting close-ups, making itself as conspicuous as the players. O'Neill wrote out of his impassioned exasperation with the evasions and delusions of his beloved

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family — on the screen, one's exasperation centers on the camera.

You feel hemmed in. This is not a tale of imprisonment, except in the figurative sense that families can become prisons of their interlaced weaknesses; and, indeed, the four characters come and go on repeated occasions. On the stage, when a character exits, we are content with the playwright's word as to where and why he has gone, and when he enters again we readily visualize what he says he saw and did. It is the essential nature of the camera to follow people through doors and about the town. It cannot always do so, except when the film is made in "real" time, but when it never does so, the viewer eventually feels that he is being deliberately confined and kept in ignorance. Some very stimulating effects can be worked up this way in suspense pictures, but that is not the intent here. The producer and director are being faithful to O'Neill's play; they are not, with a few trivial exceptions, shooting scenes he did not write. The unfortunate result is that the spectator becomes estranged and for long passages bored. On the stage, O'Neill's great bundles of dialogue built the whole world of the play; on the screen, they seem a perverse thwarting of dramatic movement. Toward the end of the picture, the midnight carouse and confession of the father and his two sons comes very close to the exposure and forgiveness of that scene on stage; but by then I felt worn out physically — not exhausted emotionally — by the abnormal forcing of the camera.

Jason Robards, Jr. plays the part (the author's elder brother) that he created so brilliantly on stage. Ralph Richardson, as James O'Neill, the father, is vital and lucid; I wondered at times if he was taking easy advantage of the irony of an actor caught by his own histrionics, and sometimes he seemed to be working under the shadow of Willie Loman — a different kind of failure. Dean Stockwell is certainly a satisfactory younger son, though he is perhaps more self-centered and less quietly watchful than the author meant Eugene to be.

Miss Hepburn is not very good as the mother, and I am sorry to say it, for I think she has a deep respect for the part and gave everything she had to it. Her failure is that, though she can show you quite a lot, she can imply very little. Specifically, she cannot imply the woman she was, and one does not understand, therefore, why her terrible decline fills her men, not only with guilt and pity, but with terror. It was the mother who had sustained this family, but Miss Hepburn cannot show lost strength, only present weakness. Her presence is touching but not tragic.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, I say do not miss *Long Day's Journey*. It might be well to read it first.

THE French *Cleo from 5 to 7* is an interesting experiment by Agnès Varga in film actuality — narrative without plot. It is an "occurrence," not a story, for although one sees everything with almost vertiginous clarity, one is told little.

Cleo, a *chanteuse*, a spoiled, beautiful, intelligent, but unthoughtful entertainer, has been warned that she may have cancer, and is passing the hours of the title as best she can, awaiting word from the laboratory. None of the old devices work very well—hats and lovers, work and self-admiration — are ways of evading boredom, but useless against terror. She roams and chatters, keeps asking herself who she is and fleeing the answer. She is ever on the move (Paris in film has never looked so much a real, lived-in city) and eventually picks up a soldier — a paratrooper on leave from Algeria — who induces in her a fatalism that approaches maturity. I didn't much like the golden-hearted *para*, he seemed a trick of sentimental journalism, but you can, if you want, take him as any guy with an idle afternoon. *Cleo from 5 to 7* is a session of heartbreaking association with a woman one would, and perhaps could, comfort if only there were a way of touching her. In this respect, the audience and the people around her are at exactly the same disadvantage — all but the man in the park, who trusts mere proximity to be a help. It is a beautiful study, and one that only the camera could achieve.

## From the Book of Rites & Events

**Shambling along the veins on its way**
**to the heart the great beast has arrived in the city**
**its scalding water on friend & foe**

**it will pass**

**& mushrooms will grow**
**& mushrooms will grow**

***Anselm Hollo***



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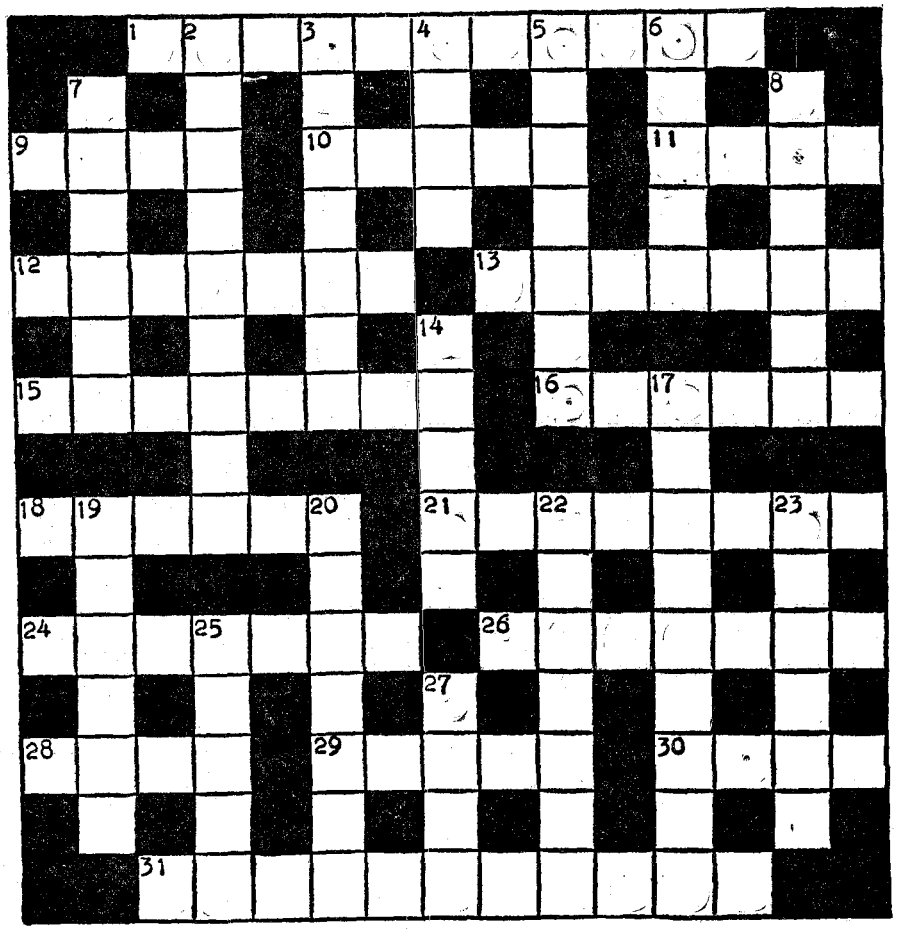
# Crossword Puzzle No. 980

## By FRANK W. LEWIS



### ACROSS:

1 Dress affected by a distant (and rather rare) storm. (11)
9 and 11 How you might be carried along with a painful expression is less common, but you might get a charge out of it. (8)
10 A goal of many. (5)
11 See 9 across
12 Not so tight as one who doesn't carry full weight. (7)
13 But those who have them are still eligible pass-receivers. (7)
15 and 25 down Tickets for "Robinson Crusoe and Friday," it might suggest. (3, 2, 3, 5)
16 Tack-hammer or possibly a 27? (6)
18 Did the poet suggest the tan sort don't go with the shoes? (6)
21 Rather kittenish yet noble, as the name for a trio. (8)
24 What are the very good up to? This! (7)
26 Little streets? One of them might act as a 16. (7)
28 A singular form of 13. (4)
29 and 7 down What might take in provisions at one gulp? Flies, as well. (4, 7)
30 Animals employ this, by the sound of it. (4)
31 The chic part of Chicago? It's descriptive of the holding of course. (11)

### DOWN:

2 Suggests the work of a very skilled and fancy thuggee in the plant! (9)
3 Met up with a nuisance in the end of 1. (7)
4 Might be a stimulus for a 24. (4)
5 Made a telephone call and played the first card in a crooked way! (7)
6 See 14 down
7 See 29 across
8 One who does gives an agreeable performance. (6)
14 and 6 Blue ribbon cats around your necks? (10)
17 Descriptive of the spoiler, perhaps. (9)
19 Acted as a paid 16, but didn't make a clean cut. (6)
20 Fire, except when an old noise-maker? (7)
22 A model of perfection? (7)
23 Young Tom is related to 6. (6)
25 See 15 across
27 Element associated with the press. (4)

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 979

ACROSS: 1 Admonishing; 9 Lordship; 10 Number; 12 Fenders; 14 Hernia; 15 Test case; 17 Methodic; 20 Cathay; 22 Petcock; 24 Pythias; 26 Medici; 27 Cathodes; 28 Dragon flies. DOWN: 2 Dude ranch; 3 Ophidia; 4 Impi; 5 Hinders; 6 Nomad; 7 Pounce; 8 Ferris; 13 and 11 Stock in trade; 16 Catchpole; 18 Eleven; 19 Ducking; 20 Crystal; 21 Awaken; 23 Crier; 25 Scan.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